

Deaths Summons

O R,

Conference betwixt Death and the
Young Man, the Married Man,
and the King.

Death stoutly doth poor Man assail,
And makes his greatest strength to fail;
He strives, and comes at all no speed,
Against Death be sure there's no remed.

The Young Man.

Who's this so proudly strikes my Gate,
As if he were some Prince or State?
Some Tyrant surely thou must be,
What is thy business with me?

My Gates are strongly shut, therefore
Hence, and trouble me no more.

Death.

Open thy Gate, let in thy foe,
Who folly makes thee answer so;
I am Death, thy mortal enemy,
I charge thee now, prepare for me;
Thou's know me better ere we shed,
When I have bound thee to thy bed.

The Young Man.

What? Death, why comes thou here so soon?
The day is not yet come to noon;
Wouldst thou cut down the Flowers in May,
Or let the Sun before mid-day?
My strength is firm, I do not fear;
Therefore I counsel thee retire.

A

Though thou be yet of tender age;
That nothing doth my zeal assuage;
No date of age is set to me,
Some young, some old, each man must die,
Prepare thee now, make no delay,
Thy shifting will not make thee stay.

The Young Man.

What dost thou mean? Art thou in haste?
I take thy suit to be in jest.
Should I prepare for thee, before
My years in number pass threescore,
This suit to me is but in vain,
Thou shalt not yet thy purpose gain.

Death.

I'm serious always when I speak,
And do obtain what I do seek:
Thy folly makes thee to refuse,
Know thou, no jesting I do use:
Ere it be long thou shalt receive
A dart shall wound thee to the grave.

The Young Man.

I'm wounded sore, yet that's no matter
Within few days I shall grow better:
It is no new thing thus to be
A little pain'd, and yet not die:
With Medicine and nature strong,
My pain shall cease ere it be long.

Death.

No Medicine shall do thee good,
Thy nature's strength, and heat of blood,
Shall not rescue thee from my hand,
There's nothing can my force withstand:
So thou shalt quickly have a dart
That mortally shall wound thy heart,

The Young Man.

Now I am wounded sore indeed,
I struggled have, and come no speed;
I'll strive no more, but will desist,
I think it best now to solist:
Have pitie, and my youth-head spare,
And do not frustrate my welfare.

Death.

Thou may solist, yet not prevail:
Thy arguments they shall thee fail:
Thy struggling, and thy oratorie,
Shall both alike come speed with me,
I know not how to be solisted,
My purposes cannot be wrested:

The Young Man.

O Death! thy talk is very bold,
Wilt thou not pity young nor old?
Can nothing now thy fury swage,
Except I die in flower of age?
O crueltie! Who can but hate
Thy dealing, and my case regrade?

Death.

I care not who thy case lament,
Their tears shall not make me repent,
I'll deal with thee on that same score,
As I have dealt with all before.
I resolve thee freelie now to yield,
For nothing from me can thee shield.

The Young Man.

Alas lament! What shall I say?
Is this now be my dying day?
The time hath been a moment here,
And pitie doth now appear.
When I lay down this body so,
Not knowing whether I shall go?

Death.

Thy glass is run, thy time is gone,
It is too late to make thy moan,
Thy healthy days are flidden by,
Eternitie it draweth nie:
Thy days of health they were most fit,
To view thy sin, and mourn for it.

The Young Man.

O loving friends, what shall I do?
Or whither shall I turn me to?
Death will not spare, God's strange to me,
No other thing but wrath I see,
No tongue of Angels can expresse,
What is my dole and heaviness.
O that ye would in time repent
Your sins, lest Death you thus prevent:
Do not your precious time mispend,
Lest it be bitter at your end.
My sad example may you teach.
And so with this I end my speech.

The Married Man.

WHat is my case? What means this pain,
That doth my carnal joy restrain?
My strength doth fail, my head doth ake,
And all my bones begin to shake.
Shall I in earn'st my self perswade,
That this is Death doth me invade.

Death.

Go to, thy house in order set,
For thou must quickly pay thy Debt;
Which every man doth owe to me,
Who hath put on mortallitie,

That I am Death, I make thee sure,
Medicine my wound shall cure.

The Married Man.

I'm wedded, and my children small,
How can I hearken to thy call?
Forbear a little, give me space
My pleasant portion to imbrace;
My infants they are unprovided,
My suits in Law are undecided.

Death.

Thy childrens age I do neglect,
Thy married state I'll not respect :
That portion pleasant in thy sight
Shall quickly interchange with night;
Thy children thou shalt not provide,
Nor any suits in Law decide.

The Married Man.

O sudden change and unexpected!
Death was the thing I most neglected :
I studied nought but here to bide,
My wife and children to provide.
Now I am summon'd, ere I be
Well fix'd in my felicitie.

Death.

Fixed and an happier state
To fancie here; it is too late:
No byding here I will thee grant,
Though Wife and Children all should want.
My Summons thou must now obey;
No longer time thou hast to stay.

The Married Man.

And is my case, what shall I say?
I'm summon'd now to die this day.
My compts with God they are not clear:

His

His wrath and justice I do fear.
My conscience in me damps me so,
That God appeareth as my fo:
With fervent suit I thee require,
That thou wouldst grant me my desire;
Give me some space yet to begin
An holy life, and die to sin.
O how do I abhore to die,
While I no hope of mercie see:

Death.

Thy fervent suit shall not procure
The length'ning of thy life an hour.
A time was given to repent,
Which in thy folly thou mispent;
The time that's gone, thou's not recall,
No longer time thou purchase shall.

The Married Man.

O sudden, sad, and doleful day!
My debt is great, I cannot pay.
What horrid sight is this to me?
A fire to burn, worm not to die:
Eternallie to lose the light,
And have with Devils a constant night.
Must I endure this saddest case,
The wrath of God without release?
O that this might be granted me!
Still sick to ly, and not to die.
This I would choose, but no remed;
For cruel Death doth cut my threed.

The King.

WHo's this so bold, I wonder much,
That dare my sacred person touch?

shows not me to be
Commander of this Monarchie.
Go, call my Subjects to my hand,
This cruel Traitor to command.

Death.

Although thou be a King of power,
Thou shalt find me thy match, and more
The King of Terrors calls thee now,
Lay down thy Crown and to me bow:
Let all thy Subjects come, and see,
How stoutly I shall vanquish thee.

The King.

Physicians all to meet require,
Of best renown in my Impire.
Let them imploy their cunning skill,
To free my person from this ill:
Their wits together I am sure,
Shall length of days to me procure.

Death:

My cunning men of greatest skill,
My foolish hopes shall not fulfill;
Let them convene, and do their best,
Their wit shall not procure thee rest.
No drog composed by their Art,
Shall loose my finger from thy heart.

The King.

Wilt thou not reverence Kings with Crown?
Wilt thou not pull them down.
Great affairs do so require,
Yet to govern this Impire
Absence and my fatal fall,
This Kingdom great will ruine all.

Death.

A Begger and the King to me,
Both of equal Majestie

The

The great affairs of thy Impire,
Shall not obtain thee thy desire.
Though all thy Kingdoms come to nought,
I'll have the thing that I have sought.

The King.

Some great designs I have intended,
Should I then die, ere they be ended.
My Armies all go out with fame;
To purchase me a greater name:
If I shall die, they will desist,
And burie me with shame in dust.

Death

The great designs by thee pretended,
Thine eyes shall never see them ended.
Thine Armies great shall not thee bring,
More honour, nor a longer Reign:
I make no count to bear the blame,
To burie thee in dust with shame.

The King.

Physicians learn'd, make some Reply,
It doth now on your honour lie;
Such excellent advice to give,
As may your noble Prince relieve.
Let no expenses be regarded,
Your pains shall richly be rewarded.

The Physicians.

O Royal King, it shall be so,
All cost and pains we'll undergo,
To mitigate thy cruel pain:
We love our honour more than gain,
Yet our advice take in thy hand,
No Medicine can Death withstand.

The King.

Must I then die, and no remed?

I Death not my great terror dread?
For millions I did wale the Sould,
Whoe one commands me with a word.
His befeeming to a King,
That formerlie at will did reign?

Death.

Though thou the greatest Monarch be,
It befeems you well to die;
Thy swelling pride hath darkt thy wit,
Thou never didst resolve to flit.
Get off thy prating proud, for I
Thy boasting tongue from speech will ty.

The King.

My misdeeds great, what do you say?
How ye this violence repay?
My King is taken from your head,
Whom ye did greatly fear and dread.
I ventur'd many lives for me,
Now alas my self must die,
My loyal Subjects, sad, alas!
My sorrowful now is my case.
I leave this Honour, Glory, Crown,
My Kingdoms all, and so ly down
In dust, and nothing more to have,
In honourable be laid in grave.
It was in me a foolish thought,
That Heav'n to Kings needs not be bought:
Now I see in entering there,
A Begger may with Kings compare
The gates of Heaven no entering in
Such as are not wash'd from sin.
For this I never made my work,
Out of time I now remark,
That in Christ's blood to be more worth

B.

Faint

han Kingdoms, honour, riches, birth;
And whatsoever they can give,
At hour of death they'll take their leave:
O that this might a warning give
To all that richlie here do live!
All carthlie glorie hath a date,
Repent in time, or else too late.
O take this lesson now from me,
All is but vain, and so I die.

The Sincere Believer.

O Death, what wouldst thou me to say?
I know what Debt I have to pay:
I must lay down this mortal life,
And so for ay to end my strife;
Though that thou wouldst grant me delay,
I choose no longer here to stay.
Thy coming here not ill I take,
Thou's welcome for thy Masters sake.
Love-tokens he doth send with thee,
That shortly I his face shall see.
My Husbands messenger thou art,
Come quickly then, and act thy part.
Come, loose my bonds, and let me go,
O Death, why dost thou linger so?
Make haste, O time, my glass, run out;
Sun, swiftlie move thy course about:
Close up my time, that once he may
Come solemnize the wedding day.
Then shall my joyful day begin,
When I his presence enter in;
Then shall I taste eternallie,
Which in my life my Faith did see:
The earnest is so sweet to taste,
That to enjoy the harv't I haste.

The term-day of my grief is come,
For now I'll ever cease from sin;
Death's bodie now I shall lay down,
And shall put on immortal Crown:
And set my feet on neck of those,
That in my life were vexing foes.
Though thou this breath take me from,
I will not count thee as my foe.
No terrour thou can be to me,
Since Christ my life for Me did die,
O Death, I am thy death, said he,
O Grave, I am thy victorie.
From hence the bitter sting is lost,
Thou canst no sound believer boast.
I'll willingly endure the pain,
And die in hope to live again.
Now, holie Father, to thy hand,
The Sp'rit thou gave I do commend.
O that Death would within short space,
Remove that vail that hides his face:
That I may see as I am seen,
And nothing come our face between,
That I might see that compleat sight
Of Jesus in his glory bright.
O dearest friends, come, learn at me
While ye have life, still learn to die.
Make peace with God in Jesus Christ,
Then Death and ye shall sweetly tryst.
Ye need not fear a moments pain,
A door shall open to your gain.
Take not this counsel as a jest,
I speak to you from what I taste,
All that this earth could give to me
Dung, compar'd with what I see
Behind the vail; then nothing fear

And whatever you have here,
And the earnest of this joy,
Your wit and strength do all imploy,
The shadows vain on earth forsake,
Sad reck'ning in the end they'll make,
O that ye saw what I do feel:
And so I bid you all farewell.

The Believing Souls Soliloque to it self.

Mount up, O Soul, above created glore,
Take Christ in stead of all thou had before
On earth below; take life in stead of death;
Take joy for grief; most willingly out-breath
This dying life, not worthie of the name;
Triumph ov'r death, ov'r trouble, sorrow, shame
Put off thy beggers robe, thy bodie frail,
Thy earthlie mind that in the mire doth trail,
Put on that sute that never shall wax o'd,
Thy self in Christ's pure righteousness unfold.
Mount up and reign in perfect joy and love,
Before the Throne, that House that is above;
Not made with hands, eternal in the Heav'n;
Expect thy bodie from the dust again.
Joyn'd with thy soul, that both together may
Sing praise to God, that e're they saw that day:
To God the Father, who did plot such thing,
A sinful worm, ay with himself to reign.
To Christ the Son, who his blood fullie spent,
Is blameless to the Father to present.
And to the Spirit, who doth us sanctifie,
By Three in One, and ever One in Three,
Here I desist, because the time is by;
And so I sit hence to eternity.

F I N I S



